### The Sentinel.

MONDAY, JANUARY 5.

OFFICE: 71 and 73 West Market Street

[Written for the Indianapolis Sentinel.] META WOODRUF.

By Mrs. Addie Dettch Frank.

CHAPTER II.

It is now 7 o'clock, the sun is shining in all its glory, the grass and flowers are still wet with dew. What a lovely morning on which to be married. "Blessed is the bride the sun shines on." Surely thrice blessed is the bride who wakes on a fine June morning like this to find everything so lovely. Everyone about the house is astir and busy, for in another hour the master of Woodruf Hall is to be married. The wedding is to be private. Mr. Woodruf and his bride will sail for Europe immediately, leaving Meta to take charge of the house, as she would not consent to accompany them.

"But where is Meta, I have not seeu her this morning?" asked Mr. Woodruf as he came bustling into the kitchen to give some last orders

"She has not come down yet, sah," answered Flo.

"I will go for he rmyself," he said, remembering for the first time that morning of having told her to remain in her room until ne sent for her. He hastily ascended the stairs and opened the door of Meta's room. The sun was shining in through the unclosed windows. What a sight met his gaze. There on her bed, wild with fever, lay his beautifal daughter. Her lovely, hair falling loose over her pillow, formed a beautiful back. ground for the flushed cheeks.

"Meta, my darling, what is the matter?" and the strong man lifted her up into his arms and tried to make himself known to her. But alas! she did not recognize him. She muttered to herself in her delirium, with a "Ged bless you, my darling," he | not know your Meta better? Gertie, I have "Eugene, Eugene, save my father from that | turned and left the room hastily, not glanc- | trusted you with my secret; keep it." demon;" these were the only words Mr. Wordauf could understand. He rang the bell, which was soon answered by Flo.

"Flo, go down stairs and send Jack for Dr. Grey. Tell him to ride as fast as the horse can go, as my daughter is very ill, and when you return bring some fresh water with you."

Away she flew, down the stairs and out into the yard where Jack was gathering flowers to decorate the breakfast table with. Jack cid not stop a moment, after hearing of Meta's illness, but dropped the flowers, saddled a horse, and away he went at full speed, not even waiting to explain to Pete what had happened. Flo told the rest of the servants of Meta's condition. and there was not one dry eye among them. Back up the stairs ran Flo, with a pitcher of

"That is right, Flo; help me bathe her hands and face. Poor little darling, how her temple throbs," said Mr. Woodruf, bathing her face.

He was already dressed in his wedding clothes; the minister was waiting below. Just then the door opened, and Lina

Mason entered the room, looking beautiful in her bridal robes.

"What is the matter with her, Clive?" she

asked gently. "Do not be excited, Lina. It is not much, I hope; she is already a little better. Are

you not, Meta?" "Papa, papa, take her away," she cried, as she recognized Lina and her father.

"You must go, too, papa; the clock is striking 8, and you are to be married."

"Compose yourself, darling; all will soon be right,"

"No, never in this world. Papa, listen to me. I know more of this woman's life than she thinks I do. You may be happy for a while, but she will cause you to be unhappy in your old days. I am very sick, I know, and feel alone in this wide, wide world. I feel I am dying, I feel so queer; yet—"
'Oh, Meta, why do you talk so? The Doctor will soon be here."

"You are late, papa; go, let the minister say the words which will unite you with that woman for life. Forgive and kiss me once more, dear papa, while you are yet mine alone." Raising her weary arms, she placed them around his neck as he leaned over. "God bless you and make you happy, my own dear papa."

"I will return soon, Meta. Come, Lina, the sooner this trying ordeal is over the

They went out of the room, this unhappy man and his bride, down the broad stairway, up which they should return husband and wife.

The minister was in the parlor, as were also a few intimate friends. The bride and piaces in the center of tha handsomely furnished room, and Meta's mother stared down upon them, from her portrait on the wall, with her beautiful

Some of the guests wonder how this man wife watching him so intently. Ah, fair one, he is only a man; he is human. Do you want him to mourn for his dead forever? Do you think that because he is going to take unto himself another wife, he will think any the less of the first? He is young yet, and God did not mean for man to live alone, and why should Mr. Woodruf do so? The ceremony was over; the few friends were congratulating the happy couple, when Dr.

Grey rushed in. "Why, Woodruf, your servant told me that some one was dangerously ill here, but instead of a funeral or death bed, you are having a wedding. I was very busy this

anxiously.

"If nothing new turns up I think she will be all right in a few days; but, Mr. Woodruf, I would not like to go so far away and leave my only child at home. Of course it is none I would not like to go so far away and leave my only child at home. Of course it is none of my business; you can do as you please or think best," he added. A gentle tap at the answered Gertie.

"Wait until to morrow. Meta, darling; then, if you are able, I will tell you all that has occurred since you were first taken sick," answered Gertie.

The state of the s

door and Mr. Woodruf glided in, in her "How is she Clive?" she asked, going up to the bed.

"No better: but the Doctor thinks she will be all right soon. What would you say, Lina, if I would ask you to give up our European trip for the present?" "I would say, do as you think best, but I should feel very much disappointed. Why

should we give it up if she will be all right soon?" she said, hesitatingly. "You are right, Lina; we will not begin our new life with more disappointments

than are necessary.' Turning to Dr. Grey, he said: "Doctor, to God and you I trust to restore my treasure

to health. Come and see her often, and you very quiet; your life may depend upon it," shall be well paid for your trouble." be said, and left the room—this man who After Meta was more quiet, he turne i to leave the room with his wife. "Doctor, you

must go down to breakfast with us." Breakfast was soon over, the trunks strapped and in the wagon; shawls, valises, and everything else were ready. Mrs. Woodruf was waiting for her busband. Where was he? Let us peep into Meta's room, and we will see him with his arms around his only child, his strong frame shaking with grief. How could be leave ber? Not for one day had they been separated since her mother died, and now he was going away from her to be gone two or three months. Perhaps the mighty ocean would swallow the ship, and he would never see her again. He thought of the wife who was lying out in her grave so near the house. What would she say if she knew this? Try as hard as he would, he could not banish her from his

thoughts, or her vision from before his eyes. As he knelt thus with his arms around her, Meta opened her eyes, and asked her father, in pitiful tones, if all was over.

"Yes, my darling, and we will soon be happy. "No, no, papa, it is too late; but why are you crying-are you not married to the one

"Meta, my child, I am going far away for a short time. It is so nard to leave you-so hard to say good-bye. You must write to me often, and always tell me if you are

"This is my birthday, papa; I am seventeen. Give me my kisses quick, I hear them calling you. Go, you belong to her now," she said, gasping for breath.
"Not entirely, Meta. Here is a letter from Gertie; she is coming to visit you, and I hope my darling will be happy." He pressed her again and again to his all my heart, and there is none who can take breast, and kissed her feverish lips; then, his place. Oh, my noble Eugene! do you ing back to catch one last glimpse of his child, through fear of a desire to return to

her and never leave her again. risge, forgetting in his grief that his bride was waiting for him in the parlor. She did not wait for him to return for her but asked Dr. Grey to take her to him. Poor man, when he realized his ungallant conduct, he begged her pardon and tried to be more cheerful. , They were soon rolling along the beautiful read to New York, from which place they were to sail immediately for Eu-

We have seen the bride and groom off on their wedding tour, and wished them a safe journey. The few guests have departed, and the house is once more quiet. Let us now follow Dr. Grey to the sick room. Here we find Flo crying over and fauning the sick girl, who, owing to the excitement attending her separation from her father, is again delirious; her fever is raging.

Dr. Grey was a good physician, a jolly bschelor, and a true, warm-hearted man. He was rather low and chunky, with gray hair and beard and laughing eyes. For hours he sat by Meta's bedside; when at last he was sent for by some one who was also ill, he left her side very reluctantly.

There was no one with this poor child except the servants, and she was yet delirious. How could be leave her? Giving Flo the directions as to how to give the medicines, he left, saying he would return soon and remain until morning. True to his word, he came. All through the long, weary night he watched this child, who now needed a mother's and father's loving care.

Morning came, and found her no better; but, thank God, it brought a friend. Gertunda Harris with her centle voice her

trude Harris, with her gentle voice, her sweet smile and winning manner, had at last arrived. But Meta did not recognize

"What is the matter with her, Doctor?" she asked, as she smoothed the pillows.
"I fear it is typhoid fever. She has all the symptoms of it this morning. I am now sorry that her father went away. It is of no

earthly use to write to him now, as they have sailed by this time." "Do you think there is any danger of los-

As Gertie asked this question she shivered from head to foot and great tears stood in her soft blue eyes. That was a question which even Dr. Grey could not answer directly and he shook his head slowly, afraid

to say yes or no. "Miss Harris, this dreadful fever is so deceiving, that it is beyond human knowledge to tell how it will terminate; it must run its course. If proper nursing and all that a physician can do can cure her, her life will be saved, for I love her as I would a dear little sister, and intend to watch over her

The seventh day came and went, and so did the fourteenth, but still Meta lingered between life and daath. Dr. Grey had written several letters to Mr. Woodruf to return home at once, but to none of these did he receive an answer. What was the matter with him; why did he not answer them? Some daywe will ask Mrs. Woodruf; perhaps she can tell us. On the morning of the twenty-first day of Meta's illness, while Gertie and Dr. Grey were bending over her to see if she was really alive and breathing, she opened her eyes for a moment, then closed them again, and for the first time in can bear to marry this woman with his first ! three long, weary weeks slept a natural

"Thank God, she will live! 'exclaimed Dr. Grey. "Go lie down and rest a little while, Miss Harris, I will remain with her."
"But, Doctor, I do so hate to leave her."

"You must go or you will be ill yourself.
You have scarcely left her bedside since you came here; had it not been for your careful nursing. I doubt whether she would be alive to-day," Dr. Grey said, looking into her face with eyes which spoke of something more

than he was yet conscious of himself.

Gertie obeyed him, for she knew she needed rest, and because she knew it would

Ms this tall, queenly, graceful girl left the room. Dr. Grey's eyes followed her wedding here, but it is also true that my daughter is sick. If these ladies and gentlemen will excuse me I will take you to her at once. This way, Doctor." Entering Meta's room they found her delirous again. The Doctor did not think the fever would last long.

"It has been brought on by excitement. She is strong and will soon be all right again."

"Doctor, do you think it will be safe for me to leave her?" asked Mr. Woodruf anxiously.

"If nothing new turns up I think she will be all right in a few days; but, Mr. Woodruf, I would not like to go so far away and leave

"Wait until the door closed after her. He acknowledged to himself, this men of forty, in whose heart love for a woman had never entered, that she was the most give reward!

"You do not know her, Lina, and I am afraid you have formed your opinion of her too hastily. My little girl is all that is pure and innecent; her heart is true as steel, and even though she may dislike you, she will never try to injure you, either by word or deed." he said, his eyes sparkling with love for that child.

"Oh! in your eyes she is perfection. I have she recognized Gertie and seemed satisfied. She asked about her father and Eugene.

"Wait until to-morrow, Meta, darling;"

"You are right; but you must remember As this tall, queenly, graceful girl left the

power of any teacher to make her pupils

"But, Gertie, I must know this much-has he written?" she asked in a feeble voice. "We heard from your papa a few days ago. There are several letters for you, which you shall have as soon as you are able to

read them. So close your eyes, dear Meta, and try to sleep again.' "If you would read them to me now I know I should sleep and soon get well.' "What do you say, Doctor may I read her letters to her?" Gertie asked the Doctor, who

had gone to the window to watch the beautiful sunset. "Well, yes; I do not think it would hurt ber as much as to lie here and study over them. I must go now, but will come back

to sit up with you. Remember, Meta, to be lived to be and do good Gertie went to a desk and procured three

letters bearing foreign postmarks. "Now be very quiet, Mets, and I will read them to you," and she read them aloud in

her gentle tones. The first was from Liverpool, in which Eugene spoke of their safe arrival, of how he enjoyed his trip across the mighty ocean and of his father being seasick. The second was dated at London. In this he told of how disappointed he was in not receiving a letter from his darling Meta. The third was indeed a pitiful letter, such as only a man or woman can write when they are about to lose all that is dear to them. He begged and pleaded with her to answer his letters. Three weeks had passed by, and yet he had not received a letter from her. lightly? Can it be that you have already found another to take my place in your heart? Stop a moment, little girl, and

not give you up. Little did this unhappy man think that his love had been so near death's door. For thought of his father, of how feeble he was, he snew how utterly impossible it was to do

think of what you are doing. You will

almost ruin my life. I love you, and can

After Gertie had finished reading the letter, Meta, with large tears glistening in her eyes and quivering lips, said: "Gartie, you must write to him for me. Go, do this at ence. Tell him why I have not written to him, and tell him, whether he receives my letters regularly or not, to trust me, for I love him with

This exertion had been too much for the weak girl; tears coursed down her cheeks, and she was very faint. Why must one so Blindly, almost madly, he rushed down pure and innocent suffer so much? It seems the stairs, out of the hall and into the carworld. Some have all, while others have comparatively none.

Gertie gave Meta her medicine, and promised to write at once. Meta soon fell asleep. and her cousin proceeded at once to write to the lonely lover across the wide ocean. It was not a long, loving letter, such as Meta would have written; only a few lines. But these few lines gave to Eugene Hay new life. Why did he doubt her? He vowed to himself never to be guilty of allowing himself to even think of such a thing again for one will keep your vow? We will wait and see;

time alone can tell. Dr. Grey returned about dusk and sat up all night, as he had so often done during the past three weeks. Next morning his patient was a great deal better, and allowed to hear Gertie read her father's letter. The following was its contents: "Meta, for the love of Heaven write o me at once or I will return home by the next steamer. Three weeks have passed by, yet I have not received one line or word from you. We have been very fortunate in running across an old friend of Lina's a Mr. Arthur Braden. He will accompany us on our tour through France and Italy and return to America with us, which, I hope, will be soon. My darling, write to me at once. Ever your loving father."

"Have neither of you written to him since I have been sick?" asked Meta. "Yes, I have written several letters to him, but received no answer to either of them. I think the best plan would be not to write again, but let him return home at once, as you need his attention."

"Oh, Doctor, I could not think of such a thing. Lina would be very angry with me." "Never mind her anger, you need your father and must have him. I shall take this matter into my own hands and do as I

What could she do but let him have his way? This kind, warm hearted man as well as physician, who had saved her life, who had watched over her as if she were his owo. She said nothing more, and another week passed by and that wretched father received no tidings from home, from his only child, his pride and his joy.

Mr. Woodruf and his wife were in London, but expected to start for Paris on the morrow if he received a letter from his daughter that day, but resolved to return home by the next steamer in case he did not. Of this he had said nothing as yet to his wife.

Lina is very happy. Marriage has changed
her wonderfully. This morning she is
dressed in white muslin, her hat and gloves

on, ready for a drive. They are waiting for the mail. At last a servant entered the room bearing several letters on a silver tray. Mr. Woodruf glanced over them eagerly only to meet with disappointment as usual. There was no letter from Meta; he must re-

"Lina, what would you say if I were to tell you that I am going to start for home to-

"I would not believe you. Why do you "Because it is true: I must go. We have been away from home four weeks, and no letter from Meta yet.'

"What difference should that-?" "Line, it makes a great difference with me. She is my child, I her unnatural father, or I would not have left her when she was sick. I thought that you would also care to hear from her," he answered, in a paine! voice. "Clive, if you feel so uneasy about her, suppose you go and let me remain here a

while longer. Arthur will-" "What do you mean, Lina? Is this the way for a true wife to treat a true hus-

'I see nothing out of the way in this. Baside, I want you to understand, Mr. Woodruf, that my actions are not to be governed by your daughter's peculiar whims. You know she dislikes me, and has ever since I entered Woodruf Hall three years ago. She anything in her power to annoy me or make

teacher that of her pupit?"
"You are right; but you must remember that a child is often just what a teacher makes it; and I think it is within the

love her. How you failed to make Meta love you, when her father tell into the trap, is more than I can understand." As he said this he leaned affectionately over her, and would have kissed her had she not drawn away from him.

"Then you think that it is my fault that she dislikes me?" she retorted angrily. "On the contrary, dear wife, I blame both of you. Come, do not be angry, but let us go for our drive, and return in time to pack our-

"Do you really mean to return home, Clive?" she interrupted. "Yes; to-morrow we will start," he an-

"But are you not satisfied for me to remain a while longer? "I can not spare you; beside it would craate quite a scandal. Come, let us be off, we

are already late for our drive," he said, put-

ting on his coat and hat "Would you mind going atone this time, dear? I have a severe headache, and would rather lie down and sleep.' "I will stay with you, Lina; I do not care

to go without you."

"You must, or I will go with you. I will go to sleep all the sooner if I am alone," she said pleadingly. She did not tell him that she expected Arthur Braden. "I will go, dearest, to please you," he said,

kissing her; he left the room. After her husband had gone, Lina Woodruf threw aside her hat and gloves; seating herself at a table she tried to read, but she could not, for her mind was too much occupied with other thoughts. She did not want "Ob, Meta! do you mean to cast me aside so | to return home, yet how could she prevent it. At last she thought if she could imitate Meta's handwriting all would be right; that she must do. But she had no time to try. for the door opened, and Arthur Braden en-

tered unannounced. This man, who is to play such an important part in the lives of my hero and herotue, is not handsome, although he might be prodays he had no rest. At last he made up | pounced so by many persons. He was a perhis mind to return to America, but when he , fect blonde; his features were feminine, and his hands were small and white as a lady's; but he had a handsome form, being tall and rather fleshy.

[CONTINUED IN TO-MORROW'S SENTINEL ]

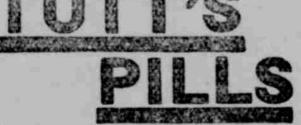
Poisoning.

[Chambers' Journal.] In the year 1881 there were 569 deaths recorded in England alone from poisoning, while the year 1882 shows a record considerably in excess of this, viz., 599, or one in every 863 of the total deaths registered. Fully two fifths of these cases are classified under the heading "Accident and Negligence;" the remainder are suicides; and as it is not too much to assume that in nearly every instance such cases are preventable, we purpose calling attention to some of the more common causes of these tatalities, in the hope that the suggestions and warnings thrown out may not be without their influence in producing more care in the handling and use of these dangerous substances. Glancing at the various poisons, we find that the well known preparations of opium, landahum and morphia-opium itself being includedhead the list, having caused 85 death through accident or negligence This migh have been expected from preparations so largely used in domestic remedies; here the instant. Are you sure, Eugene, that you | 78 deaths from lead poisoning which follow do surprise us in view of the fact that the conditions which produce as well as the conditions which mitigate or counteract the effects of this subtle poison are now so well known. Lead is followed by the four stronger acils-bydrochloric, ni tric, sulphuric and carbolic-which smong them have caused 43 deaths under the same category. Arsenic, again, caused 9; phosphorus, 11; chloro dyne, 5; chloral, 14; chloroform, 4; sooth ing syrup, 4; with a host of casualties from substances of minor importance. Reading

between the lines of Register General's re port, which it is not difficult to do with the help of the medical journals, we will find that there are two prolific causes of these accidents-first, the giving or taking of overdoses of certain remedies containg polson. and, second, the substitution of one bottle for another, as, for example, where a namber of substances are congregated together, as in the case of the demestic cupbeard. In the first-class may be instanced the giving of overdoses of opiates or soothing preparations to children; the taking of overdoses of narcotics or sooth-ing compounds, such as chloral, by habitual drinkers, and the general familiarity which the handling or using of these powerful agents frequently begets in those habitually using them. In the second class may be instanced such mistakes as the substituting of one bottle containing, say, a poisonous liniment for a mixture intended for internal administration; the hasty and foolish practice of quaffing off a draught from any jug, bottle or dish without examining the contents, and, lastly, mistake of accumulating within easy access powerful medicines in the hope they may come of future use.

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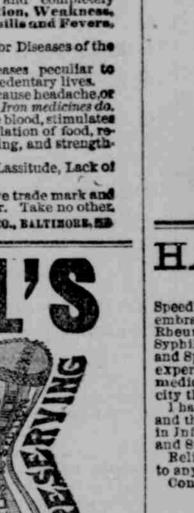
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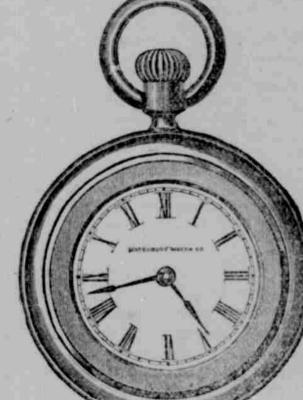
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